

Mike Wheeler Needs to Get His Priorities Straight by thefandomlife

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Hehehe, I honestly wrote this in an hour I'm sorry, It was going to be a serious and cute fluffy fic, Leather Jacket porn, M/M, Mike Wheeler is a confused puppy, Multi, Nancy knows her brother all too well, This is literally just straight up crack, Will Byers is a little shit, but I got worked up and just made this a giant meme, gay thoughts, mentions of bananas symbolizing dicks, their entire group knows Mike's sexuality and he doesn't

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Johnathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-08

Updated: 2017-11-08

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:42:22

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,234

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Dude do I have to explain this to you?” Nancy snapped. “You like dick in the butt? Fine by me! You like pussy and boobs more? Alright! Fuck society, Mike, fuck it right in the sexual organ you so want to fuck it in.”

The wise words of Nancy Wheeler

Mike Wheeler Needs to Get His Priorities Straight

Author's Note:

This is literally the weirdest thing I've ever written in an attempt to contribute to this ship... because I love it so much!!!! Honestly, I contemplated not posting this but I just wanted to share the weird brain vomit I came up with in an hour. Maybe I'll come up with a better idea to write about about these two, but for now, enjoy the crack comedy I came up with here...

Mike insisted, he didn't have sleepovers. Sleepovers were for girls who braided their hair and talked about boys while painting their nails. He had seen one too many of Nancy and Barbara's sleepovers to know from experience.

In fact, this was an all nighter, in Mike's case, because he and Will forgot to do their school project: it was due the next morning in first period. They hadn't had a "sleepover" (a manly™ one iN FAcT, Mike insisted) in years, since they were in eighth grade. They were the at the spry age of sixteen, too caught up with tests to study for and SAT's to die over to have a (veRY MANLY) sleepover.

Mike felt ashamed that the thirteen year old him was way too excited to see Will pull up in his driveway with a bag packed with clothes for the night.

"Mike? Is Will spending the night?" His mom asked, peering out the kitchen window.

"Yeah I literally told you fifteen minutes ago mother." Mike rolled his eyes into what felt like another dimension.

He did that a lot recently, especially with how many times he was kept awake to Nancy, Johnathan, and Steve moaning into the early hours of the morning. Everyone thought that Steve was out of the picture, but no, he was a damn idiot and kept climbing through Nancy's window the same exact way he did years ago. Mike was still upset that Nancy refused to move out while she took a year away

from college and did an internship with a local business.

“Oh! It’s been so long since you’ve had a sleepover--”

“mOM! It’s not a sleepover! We are literally just working nonstop on this stupid model of the galaxy together for Earth Science, it’s not like we did them all throughout middle school, I don’t understand why we have to still make them!” Mike exclaimed, his voice pitching as he complained.

“Ha, you’re still a whiny baby.” Nancy sassed as she walked into the kitchen and grabbed a banana.

“Yeah? You’re still living at home at twenty!” Mike shot back, his eyes dancing over to Will trying to shut his car door outside. “And what are you doing with that?”

“Oh nothing that you would be interested in, or would you be?” Nancy raised her brow challengingly.

Mike felt his cheeks darken as he glared at his sister. She smiled innocently, unwrapped the banana and took a bite out of it as she walked back up the stairs to her room where Mike knew for sure where her two secret boyfriends were hidden away.

The doorbell finally rang and Mike practically bolted to the front door so that his dad didn’t get to it first. His dad was having a mid-life crisis and would try and talk “cool kids slang” to any young person who showed up at the door. He was currently trying to wear anything and everything that he would see Steve wearing. So Steve purposefully would wear outlandish things to see how Mr. Wheeler would try and pull it off. Mike grimaced as he ignored the stupid haircut his dad had gotten and the bright pink bomber jacket and yellow oversized orange striped sweater.

Will smiled widely as Mike opened the door, his hands stuffed in his jacket to keep them warm from the chilly January air. Mike’s eyes grazed over his friend’s face as he smiled back. Will had really grown last summer, shooting up to almost six foot with some weight added on that made his shoulders look normal and not like a skeletons.

“Hey man, come on in, my mom made cookies and her special cocoa!” Mike greeted, allowing Will to walk inside.

Mike also had to appreciate that Will had done something different with his hair before the school year. He had actually gotten himself gel and slicked it back and trimmed the sides more. Mike had heard whispers in the hall from the girls who had once ignored Will all gossiping about how hot he was. It was a weird feeling, to look at his friend and see how he could pull off a leather jacket and his jawline just looked really good--

“--johnathan said we should be okay though. We can make a few trips to the store if we need more glue, especially with the paper mache sun we agreed to make.” Will spoke with his hands, Mike noticed as he lead his friend into the kitchen.

“Yeah sounds like a plan, let’s just get this done with quickly!” Mike said enthusiastically as he grabbed the tray of cookies and the two mugs he had set out and filled and ignored his mother’s protests behind him.

five hours later

“wHy does pLuTo have to be so FUCKING HARD TO MAKE?! IT’S LITERALLY SO SMALL.” Mike yelled, throwing his paint brush for the sixty seventh time that night.

“There is speculation that Pluto isn’t even a planet.” Will pointed out, focusing on painting one of the many moons of Jupiter.

“What?! I like pluto! It’s so cute!”

“Just like Uranus.” Will muttered, a smirk on his face as Mike choked on his cocoa and got a brown stain across his favorite nasa t shirt.

“What?!” Mike exclaimed, frowning at his shirt.

“I still like the theory that there are aliens out there, maybe on Mars.

That would be cool, wouldn't it?" Will babbled on, ignoring Mike's (gay™) freakout.

Mike floundered for a second, his mind in turmoil over how smooth William Byers was at sixteen years of age now, while his heart was twisting at how that smirk looked amazing on his friend's face.

"Are you going to change that or just sit in your dirty shirt, Wheeler?" Will asked innocently as he picked up their model earth to see if it was dry yet.

"Er, uh, y-yeah, hold on just a sec." Mike stuttered, grabbing a shirt off of his pile in the corner and ripping his dirty one off. (Unknown to him, Will sure did have a spicy little sneak peak of Mike's abs).

"So how is it living under the same roof of one of the trio members?" Will asked. "Do the moans keep you up at night too?"

"Oh hell yes, it's nasty how much they keep going and going and going--"

"Ugh, I just put on a mixtape and ignore it, you sick pervert." Will laughed, grabbing a wire and twisting it to make a ring for Saturn.

"Well Nancy keeps stealing my headphones and she keeps them in her room! I'm stuck helplessly while it's all going down!" Mike complained, flopping back down and grabbing Neptune to finish painting it.

"You could always sneak out and just come chill with me while it all goes down." Will suggested.

"That's a good idea..." Mike thought.

"You could have a sleepover with El and I!" Will cheered.

Mike groaned at the mere word.

"It's not a sleEPOVER we are MEN now!" Mike exclaimed.

"Hey," Will interjected Mike's manly-straight-white-male mantra™ "my hair is long enough to braid."

“I don’t even want to know why you would think and know this.” Mike whined.

They eventually finished, at like three am. Mike wanted to just spend the rest of the night playing games, but Will was the Sensible One™ who brought out the sleeping bags he knew were in the closet across from the downstairs bathroom and plopped them down.

“I need my beauty sleep, Michael.”

“Don’t call me that again, William.”

Now, as Mike looked back on the events that took place later, he admitted that Will Byers, cute and innocent pure souled Will, was a little shit.

They laid their sleeping bags out, right next to each other, and talked about school and (yes, they were still nerds) the next campaign they were going to plan. Mike eventually started talking about his theory that if Will wore a leather jacket more often he would have a girlfriend by the end of the month.

Will, the mother fucker, just laughed and disagreed.

“Girls still come up and ask if I have zombie breath.”

That just made Mike mad and for some reason he was now happy that Will wasn’t going to be asked out anytime sooner. But that did bring up the topic that got Will’s attention.

“You think the leather jacket is what gets the ladies attention?” Will asked.

“Oh for sure! I’ve seen the way they look at you and how they all gossip about Brian.” Mike whistled as the thought of Brian Johnson came across his mind. “That kid can pull off a letterman’s and a leather jacket!”

Now, to Will and the rest of their Gang™, they all had a secret discussion of Mike’s total gay love of Brian Johnson. The moment Brian moved to town, Mike would not shut up about him. It was always “Brian this” and “Brian that”, discussions of Brian’s workout

habits, and how he kept his body that fit.

At one point in time, Lucas Sinclair would have given his left lung to state that Mike Wheeler was not even close to being gay....but now he was the one who came up with the suggestion and just wanted Mike to just get laid so he would shut up. Literally, the entire group knew of Mike's not so straight sexuality when he himself did not know. They had all guessed on Will's sexuality and were all for it, they just had a running poll of how long Mike would take to realize his hardcore feelings for his best friend of many years.

Buuuuut back to Will being a mother fucker.

Will had scoffed at being compared to Dreamy Brian Johnson™ and had started to doze off when he got an idea. Mike was already snoring lightly as Will snuggled a little closer and slowly wrapped an arm around Mike's torso. Mike jumped at the contact and looked down at Will in confusion.

"What's going on?" Mike slurred.

"Oh, the heater isn't working very well and I don't want to wake up your dad to fix it." Will whispered, snuggling closer.

"Oh...okay then..." Mike muttered, scrunching his brow and wrapping an arm around Will.

Suddenly, before Mike fell asleep, he heard the sound of the heater coming back on....

Mike woke up the next morning to his best friend plastered at his side, with an awful case of an awkward morning boner....

...and it didn't help that Will moved in his sleep and kept rubbing up against Mike's leg....yeah, that didn't help one bit.

Mike was in a frenzy (a GAY frenzy, to be clear). He was confused, distracted, and ended up making a terrible Uranus pun about Will in front of the entire class. And it was the one class that he had with Brian, to Mike's horrible realization.

By lunch, El, Lucas, Dustin, and Max were all eyeing each other,

mentally competing about how quickly Mike would come to terms. El said by tomorrow morning second period. Lucas said by the ending of the day next week. Dustin said in three days time. And Max said by the end of the day when all the pent up emotion would get to his head and he would just jump Will's (or Brian's) bones.

Mike ended up stomping home and slamming the front door behind him, ignoring his mother's exclamation. He stormed his way up to Nancy's room and swung the door open. He honestly wasn't surprised to see Steve and Johnathan sitting on Nancy's bed.

"Dude!" Nancy exclaimed, getting up from sucking on Johnathan's face.

"I KEEP HAVING GAY THOUGHTS." He exclaimed without thinking.

"I fuckin' called it." Johnathan muttered.

"The hell Mike?!" Nancy exclaimed.

"Would you be a good sister and put your boyfriends on hold to help me out of this mental breakdown?"

"How'd it happen? Did you get a boner over seeing Brian flex?" Steve asked, earning a slap from Nancy.

"Why did you have to finally come to the conclusion now of all times?!" Nancy exclaimed.

"Wait what?!" Mike exclaimed this time.

"Dude do I have to explain this to you?" Nancy snapped. "You like dick in the butt? Fine by me! You like pussy and boobs more? Alright! Fuck society, Mike, fuck it right in the sexual organ you so want to fuck it in."

Mike was a little shell shocked as Steve laughed at his reaction.

"Dude whatever makes you happy man. I lived my entire life avoiding looking at other guys in the locker room because it was "too gay". Go make out with a Byers and live your life." Steve grinned and smacked a kiss against Johnathan's cheek.

“But be careful with my little brother or I might kill you, Wheeler.” Johnathan exclaimed.

Now,,, I could go on to lengthy detail of Mike sweating and pacing nervously in his room for two days straight, but that’s just boring. By the second day, Will went to drag Mike out of his room, but instead was attacked by a hyped and very nervous Mike’s lips.

“finALLY!” Will screamed.

Mike wanted to die inside, but he kept his sanity together by making out wil Will Byers behind the school auditorium while he wore Mike’s favorite leather jacket.

Dustin fist pumped the air, since he was the closest one to winning the bet, and became thirty dollars richer.